

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM  
OMNIA COOPERANTUR  
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD  
ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Bishop Demange, Taikou, Korea. Bishop Mutel, Seoul, Korea.  
Bishop Chaitron, Osaka. Archbishop Rey, Tokyo. Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki. Bishop Berlioz, Hakodate.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HIERARCHY IN JAPAN AND KOREA.  
ALL ARE ALUMNI OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS.

## THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll::OSSINING P.O.  
NEW YORK

Issued every month

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*This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

\* \*

### OUR LAND-SALE RECORDS:

Sept.-Dec., 1912.....	670,000 feet.
January, 1913.....	68,255 "
February.....	69,942 "
March.....	67,452 "
April.....	36,419 "
May.....	35,045 "
June.....	48,115 "
July.....	54,333 "
August.....	31,079 "
Total to Sept. 1.....	1,076,640 "
WAITING FOR PURCHASE.	
ERS.....	3,373,360 "

\* \*

FOREIGN missions are gradually finding a place in the editorial columns of our Catholic newspapers and magazines. We were pleased to notice recently a goodly share of space devoted to this subject in the *Monitor*, of San Francisco.

\* \*

*And other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall be one fold and one shepherd.* John X. 10.

A FOREIGN Mission vocation meets one difficulty that the home call less frequently encounters—the opposition of parents and other influential advisers.

We heard some time ago of two young women who were leaving the same city for the Far East. One was engaged to a man who held a very lucrative business position; the other was going to consecrate her life to the service of God and souls.

The 'engaged' girl was congratulated by scores of friends on her splendid opportunity to see the world. The other was pitied and the sacrifice of her parents made doubly hard by unkind remarks. Yet both women, and the friends of both, were called after Jesus,—Christians.

In the world the cross is foolish. Is there not much of the world in some of us outwardly good Catholics?

\* \*

A STALWART champion of foreign missions is the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford. It devotes every week considerable space to our interest and finds many occasions upon which to speak editorially of the great Cause. In a recent issue the editor wrote:

Nothing will absolve us from the obligation of spreading the light of Christ. The command, *Go, preach the Gospel to every creature*, was issued by Him who died to save all men. The mandate requires that apostles go forth and preach to these people face to face. It will not do to send them the sacred deposit of faith bound in calf or morocco. There must be a living preacher, and he must be able to convince the pagans that he is sent and that he speaks with the authority and in the name of the Redeemer of the human race. Without such a preacher they cannot be expected to believe, and without an ever-increasing army of such preachers the Church of Christ cannot do her appointed work.

We have a missionary college now, but it is in its swaddling clothes and the material even of this simple raiment is poor and humble enough. The undertaking deserves our consideration and our support.

No Christian worthy of the name will presume to declare before Heaven that he has no responsibility respecting those who are in the outer darkness. Not everyone is called to be an apostle, but no one can say that the apostle's work is entirely foreign to himself. The ten thousand who cannot go out to the pagans can help to prepare missionaries for the work. He who helps to fit out an apostle may count upon receiving the apostle's reward.

\* \*

### Through the Middle West.

DURING two more or less hot weeks of midsummer the editor visited the Middle West, where he found himself quite a stranger and THE FIELD AFAR, with the Cause it represents, little known.

His first stopping-place after he left New York was Albany, a city in which very few subscribers are registered. At Buffalo the hand of hospitality was extended by the Franciscan Fathers on Seymour Street, whose zeal, Catholic to the core, has already secured for our paper practically all of its Buffalo subscribers, and for our Seminary one of its first students. Bishop Colton was also most cordial and gave certain proof that he takes time to read these columns.

In Detroit we stayed only a few passing hours, but found good friends at the Sacred Heart Academy, Grosse Pointe, where we went to visit a missionary's sister and found nuns with the hearts of apostles. We have reason to believe that this visit will be fruitful. We count some good friends among the Michigan priests also, and regret that we could not have gone to Grand Rapids. In that city there is promise of a real centre, thanks to the efforts of an active lay-worker and the strong encouragement of a well-known rector.

At Notre Dame University, Indiana, we were not strangers to good Fr. Morrissey, the Provincial, who had already visited Maryknoll, nor to Fr. Hudson, the much-loved editor of the *Ave*

*Maria*, and a few of the older priests.

But most of the young priests whom we met at this splendidly equipped centre of education had been hitherto quite unaware of our existence.

At St. Mary's, a very attractive college and academy for young women, we were even less known, and unfortunately our visit was overshadowed by the annual election, which was in progress when we called.

We saw Chicago only on Sunday. Our host, Fr. Peter O'Callaghan, C. S. P., looks upon the establishment of an American Foreign Mission Seminary as the most important movement undertaken by American Catholics in recent years. We learned later from a Catholic University professor that Fr. O'Callaghan's opinion is highly prized in Chicago, but we are quite sure that most of his admirers know little or nothing of the work which he so kindly praises whenever the occasion offers.

At Des Moines Bishop Dowling is our friend. While in Providence, R. I., he frequently manifested a substantial interest in the foreign mission movement, and the cornfields of Iowa have not obscured his world-wide vision. We may get a recruit from Iowa one of these days.

Turning back East, we stopped at St. Louis, learned through the genial Archbishop Glennon that one of our unknown benefactors resided in that city, and received from His Grace unasked assurance that aspirants and the where-withal would not be denied us in St. Louis even though local needs are pressing. At present a great Cathedral is being erected—a very impressive structure—and the most beautiful diocesan seminary in the country, if not in the world, is also under way.

Cincinnati holds several of our friends. They are ours almost to a man—or better, to a woman—



*Behold I stand at the door and knock.*

through the activities of the Notre Dame nuns on Grandin Road and the thriving Tabernacle Society connected with that well-known convent.

In passing, we met Archbishop Moeller, who inquired kindly about our progress.

Dayton was the next stop and the Brothers of Mary, who have some excellent schools in Japan, were our kind hosts.

We remained here overnight and pushed on the next morning to Columbus, where the rector of the Pontifical College, Mgr. Soentgerath, gave us a warm welcome and showed keen interest in all that we are doing.

A few hours later we were on our way to catch a boat at Cleveland, and the following day we arrived in Scranton, Pa., which is beginning to feel like home.

This summer flight of ours confirmed an impression we had already formed—that but slight interest has so far been secured for our work among Catholics in the Middle West. Yet we were not discomfited.

We saw evidences of sterling Catholicity, of generous hearts and splendid organization. We saw 'big things' accomplished by Catholic effort and Catholic sacrifice. And all this made us realize that when the Middle West does see the need and opportunity which heathen missions present—and their reactive influence on the work at home—it will respond, perhaps more generously than does the East to-day.

How can we reach the Middle West soon? We are few in number and we cannot multiply ourselves. Not until more priests come to Maryknoll, can we send them out as missionaries to plead the cause of THE FIELD AFAR.

Another plan is to have some of our secretaries visit schools, academies, etc., and give model lessons in mission geography or talks on kindred subjects. We have among the *Teresians* at the lodge across the fields, some who could do this work excellently, but they are needed just now at the base of operations.

So while we are still poor in a working personnel, we must depend largely on our readers to arouse the spirit of the Middle West. Already many have joined in this crusade by sending us names or actually securing subscribers.

Have you a friend in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, or the neighboring States, who, in your estimation, would be pleased to meet us?

\* \*

#### HOW CAN I HELP?

1. Send us names of reliable persons, grown-ups, boys or girls, who would be likely to fill at least one of our List-Books and thus secure twelve subscribers.

2. Ask us to forward sample copies to your friends and at the same time notify them that you have done so.

## Friendly Words.

A DOCTOR'S subscription—not prescription—brings with it these appreciative words:

Let me take an instant of your time to say that your editors make an appeal in this unique magazine that is worthy of the high cause they seek to advance.

\* \*

AN editorial worker on one of the best-known New England dailies writes of THE FIELD AFAR:

It is one of the brightest and most welcome of our Catholic papers. He who is not influenced by its cheery tone must indeed be a misanthrope and "grumpy."

Our readers will admit these compliments on the ground that if we don't print them, other papers are not likely to do so.

\* \*

FROM Florida come these good words, doubly precious because they voice the coöperation of a brother-priest:

May God prosper your work and may He spare me to see the Foreign Mission College a wonderful success, sending forth every year zealous priests to reap the rich harvest now whitening in many lands. Their sacrifice will win untold blessings for our own America. It is time that we who have been so signally favored should do our part in bringing the sublime teachings of Jesus Christ to some of the many millions who yet sit in "darkness and the shadow of death."

\* \*

## AT SUNSET.

On reading "The Field Afar."  
My God, Thy beauty shines in splendor,  
Now in silver, now in gold,  
Beyond the hills, in western skies where  
Cirrus masses light unfold.

It seems, O Ghostly Source of light—  
Serene in glitt'ring, dazzling sheen  
Of yonder setting sun—that cheering  
Gleam in fields afar is seen.

Its awful, piercing lustre lights for me  
The way to Maryknoll,  
And bids me yearn my life to give  
To save the savage soul.

Its shimmer brilliant thrills my heart  
With zeal to work and die for Thee,  
While spreading priestly light divine  
In climes far off beyond the sea.

W. A. Maguire, Louvain, Belgium.  
June 5, '13.

## America in Europe.

THERE are several American students scattered about Northern Italy, absorbing its beautiful language while pursuing more serious courses.

One of these students lately received from a former college-friend, now at Maryknoll, a bunch of THE FIELD AFAR, which, if we may judge from the result, made something of a noise when they were opened. We intend to keep an eye on the writer, who evidently has some of the qualifications we need here. Following is the most respectable portion of his interesting communication:

I have just heard Mass and offered Holy Communion for the health and prosperity of the most gently voracious robber that has ever been foisted on the American people, THE FIELD AFAR and all it represents.

Well, your literary live-wire is the limit, and the stack that I read yesterday almost electrocuted me. I went through the whole six from cover to cover, becoming more and more amazed at the colossal nerve of it all, until I saw stars and stripes in so far as my tired eyes could. Thank Heaven, I am three thousand miles away from the centre of your highway operations—or I should not have a cent left.

I met an American College student yesterday, and strange to say, he knew nothing of the two greatest things in America, THE MISSIONARY—my first love—and THE FIELD AFAR. But of course I know you are so busy rooting for the daily crust and pumping from that waterless well that you cannot have time to work up the spirit everywhere at once.

Pray for me and I'll try to do my best for the great, sublime movement of which you form a part.

\* \*

FROM Indies of the East an apostle writes:

To-day I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the success of the American Foreign Mission Society. May the Holy Ghost bestow upon it His grace, that it may send out missionaries to this heathen country, where there is still so much to be done.

I am glad THE FIELD AFAR is now a monthly. It inspires us with new fervor every time it comes. I always read it twice from head to foot.

Rev. S. Cotta, Hubli, British India.

## Printed Cameo—"That's Us."

"IT'S now 10.30 P. M.," writes a priest from 'little Rhody,' "and in reading your printed cameo for July, I note the Bishop's contribution.

"Where he leads, anybody may follow. But even if the issue did not have his name listed, its bounding style and 'skirapidity', as well as the crystal transparency of thought in the home columns, would change the *nemo dat qui non habet* (no one gives what he hasn't) to *omnis dat qui habet* (everyone who has, gives)."

\* \*

THIS is a story—true, we believe—sent to us by a good friend of the Cause. It is about a very busy nun—a member of one of the teaching orders—who was asked by our friend if she had read a certain article in a Catholic weekly.

"I have very little time for current literature," she replied. "I used to enjoy reading two or three papers but now I rarely get a peek at them."

"Do you ever see THE FIELD AFAR?" asked our friend.

"Oh! I read that from cover to cover," was the response—which our modesty, it will be noted, does not forbid us to record.

\* \*

## Our Rates for Quantities.

PRIESTS and Sisters have kindly suggested the idea of spreading this paper among children and in sodalities.

We will send for one year to any one address:

10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00	
25 " " " 10.00	
50 " " " 20.00	
100 " " " 40.00	

Do any of these figures suggest the idea of supplying some college? Or a school?

Or your Sunday-School class?

Or a circle of your friends?

Or that Society to which you belong?



### The Mission World. AFRICA.

THE recent death of Fr. Ohrwalder recalls the story of his ten years' captivity with the Mahdi, an Arab chief in the Sudan. The missionary and his companions were ordered to become Moslems and when they refused, were condemned to be executed. Their escape was due to the appearance of a comet, which so frightened the Arabs that they would not carry out the sentence. Fr. Ohrwalder remained in the Sudan until his death.

\* \*

INTERESTING details of Fr. Henry's visit to Central Africa have come to us from Bishop Biermans, who writes:

I have been accompanying Fr. Henry on his visitation of this vicariate. The first part of the journey was accomplished safely, though we encountered many difficulties on account of the bad roads and the rain. For about two months after Fr. Henry's arrival we had but two dry days.

The only accommodation that we could offer him for traveling was a rickshaw, a combination of hammock and bicycle that tired him very much. Then, worst of all, he caught malarial fever here. It was a bad attack and his temperature went up as high as 105. Hence the idea of visiting the mission stations in *Kavirondo* had to be abandoned. Such an undertaking would have been exceedingly dangerous, as traveling in that part of the country is even more difficult than it is here.

\* \*

GERMS seem to thrive among the natives of Uganda, but they give the Sisters a chance to relieve the sufferings of those afflicted and thus open the way for the healing of their souls as well.

Mother Capistran pictures the native hut as a disease-breeding hole, overcrowded and without air and light. Compared with this, even her poor dispensary is a blessing. She is providing now a real hospital, where the more serious cases can be cared for. Already she has the promise of one bed and has named the wards—the men's ward in honor of Blessed Theophane Vénard and

the women's in honor of Sister Teresa, "The Little Flower."

### OCEANIA.

AN Irish nun writes to us from a far-off Oceania, where she is finding joy in spite of trials and hardships:

This year has been very trying for us on account of the drought. The epidemic which it brought on the cattle killed nearly all of them, and thus took from us our principal food. One of our Irish Sisters died last winter and four have been obliged to go to the sanatorium in Sydney to recuperate.

As for the children, they are well, thank God, though two little babies, who could not get used to condensed milk, have taken their flight to Heaven. Now, on account of the fatigue of the Sisters and the scarcity of fresh milk, we can no longer receive orphans from their birth. But we are busy with over ninety-three children whose ages range from two to sixteen years.

### Our Land Proposition.

☛ **Maryknoll** embraces ninety-three acres. ☛ We reckon the cost at about one cent a square foot.

☛ Already friends, by filling land-slips (each of which represents one hundred square feet), have paid for one-third of our property.

☛ There is yet a good opportunity to invest before all our land is taken. ☛ Send for a Land-Slip.

Address: C. F. M. S. OF AMERICA.  
Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York.

FR. BASIL HUXTIN is one of three brothers who are all missionary priests, and his sister is working for the same Cause in India. All were parishioners of the late Eusebius Vénard, the venerable curé of Assai, and Fr. Basil has followed in the footsteps of Blessed Theophane to the very land where he suffered martyrdom.



T A K I N G   H I S   M E D I C I N E .  
*Mother Capistran at work in Uganda.*

Five of these are preparing for baptism the middle of next month, and on the same day they will receive their first Communion and probably Confirmation. They are all a great consolation to us. They often offer their prayers for your work, and I am sure that the Divine Heart of Jesus will hear and grant their simple, innocent requests.

\* \*

**Prospective students for Philosophy or Theology at Maryknoll should make immediate application. Address:**

**The Very Rev. Superior,  
Maryknoll : : Ossining, N. Y.**

He writes to us from Tong-king of the death of his father, and as we read his letter, we cannot help a feeling of joy at the thought of this generous soul who freely gave his all to God's service.

I ask your prayers for my dear father, whom God called to Himself on the 16th of last April. It was a great sacrifice for him to know that none of his three priestly sons could be present at his bedside, to console him and to close his eyes in death. For us, too, it was a hard trial which faith alone could soften.

## China.

**S**ISTER MARY ANGELINE, over in Canton, China, writes that one of her charges has a particular bent for ringing bells, and she threatens to send him to Maryknoll as a sexton when he is a few years older. If the youngster is strong, when that time comes, we might take him. We need a few Chinese here to help us create the proper atmosphere.

\* \*

**A** WELCOME letter from Sr. Catherine Buschman, an American Sister of Charity, tells us of her work in the mission of Pekin, to which she has recently been transferred:

After only a short stay in Tientsin, where I was sent because there was great need of help, I was asked to go to Pekin, as it was found that in the hospital here there was even greater need of an English-speaking Sister.

I am very happy to be where I can do most good, and it is a privilege to be in this mission, which is so rich in memories of sufferings endured for the faith. Nearly all our Sisters were here during the siege of 1900, and almost the entire family of one of our Chinese Sisters was martyred at that time.

Now the sufferings of the poor Christians and the prayers and alms contributed by foreign nations seem to be bearing fruit. Conversions are numerous and very consoling.

We have a hospital here for foreigners and Chinese. There are dispensaries in different sections of the district, and devoted Christian women visit pagan villages where the Sisters cannot go, attending the sick and baptizing dying infants or even grown persons when they have been sufficiently instructed.

If your community could be transported to the Cathedral of Pekin on a feast day, I am sure all would be delighted with the ceremonies. They would enjoy especially the singing of the seminarians and the boys, who are trained by one of the Marist Brothers.

We are sending you a Benediction corporal—a little specimen of the very best work our dear Chinese children can do. And in another parcel you will find a pair of chop-sticks. These may amuse your students and they may be useful for practice, too, for it will be some time before chop-sticks cease to be used in China.

## First-Hand News of the Chinese Republic.

[Communicated by Rev. M. Kennelly, S.J., and dated, Shanghai, July 20, 1913.]

## NEW OUTBREAK IN CENTRAL CHINA.

**C**HINA is once again restless. On the 12th of July, an uprising took place at Kiukiang, in Kiangsi province. This city is one of the "Open Ports", situated up the Yangtse River some 460 miles from Shanghai. Fighting took place during three days and resulted in a victory for the Northerners. The outbreak has



CHINA'S REBEL CHIEF.  
(Huang Hsing.)

Photo sent by Fr. M. Kennelly, S.J.

rapidly extended to Nanking, Shanghai and other places.

## EVENTS IN SHANGHAI.

Here in Shanghai troops pour in from all sides. There are already about 12,000 of them encamped in the environs of the native city. The arsenal is held by 2,000 Northerners. A large sum has been offered them in the hope that they may surrender, but so far they have bravely refused and are ready to die at their post. In the Foreign Settlements there is nothing to fear.

*Do you read French? In this event, two of our books are waiting for you—unless you are already provided.*

These two books are "Un Martyr de Futuna" (Pierre Chanel) and "Théophane Vénard."

They will be in your home if you send one dollar for each, with stamps (14c. for one and 10c. for the other) to cover postage, to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.

At every moment we are expecting the capture of the arsenal and powder factory by the rebels, for such they really are despite all efforts made to deceive the ignorant masses. The native city may be pillaged and in view of approaching danger many have already sent their hoardings and valuables into the Settlements.

## FRENCH MARINES GUARD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

When the trouble broke out here, the head of the local police immediately resigned. His successor, though a great friend of the Mission, informed us that he could not guarantee the safety of our large church in the suburbs of the native city. A request was therefore made to the French Consul General to protect us.

French marines were kindly landed from the man-of-war in port and are now stationed beside the church, thereby affording us every protection in case of outbreak.

## NORTHERN PART OF MISSION TO BE GREAT FIGHTING CENTRE.

The North of our Mission—on the borders of Kiangsu and Shantung provinces—is expected to be the great fighting centre during the next week or fortnight. Here the rebel chief, Huang Hsing\* (Yellow Star), will measure his forces with those of the North.

## AIM OF THE REBELLION.

The aim of the rebellion is to punish the so-called crimes of

\* Herewith is a picture of the leader of the revolution. I hope you will put him in for the benefit of your readers.

the provisional President, Yuan Shi-kai, and if possible to upset his government and establish the Nationalist party (Kuomintang) in Peking.

#### FEARS AND HOPES.

How long the outbreak will last and what will be its final result is hard to conjecture. The North is confident that it will crush it out in about three weeks and then it may require from three to six months more to re-establish order. Pray for us, dear Rev. Father, and for the Church in China, and beg our dear Lord to protect us in our trials.

#### The Philippines.

"THE Great and Only Secretary," according to the definition of his chief, writes from the Philippines that Bishop Foley is off on a trip to Palanan to give Confirmation. He adds:

It is a hard place to reach but fortunately the Bishop did not have to make the journey overland. The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Dean Worcester, was going around there on an inspection tour and Bishop Foley had a chance to avail himself of the government boat. There are no commercial boats running to Palanan and usually the trip means a nice little four days' walk over the mountains.

Everything is getting along splendidly with the Bishop and in spite of all his hard journeys he has managed to keep in excellent health. You know him so much better than I do that it would be useless for me to tell you how active and zealous he is. You will not be surprised to hear that he has gone to give Confirmation in districts where no bishop has ever confirmed before. Sitting down and figuring out the situation, one would be inclined to believe it impossible for him to get to these seemingly inaccessible places. But he does not sit down and figure out the difficulties. He just goes ahead and gives the thing a whirl and always gets away with it.

I hope you have kept well and strong in the midst of all the grand work you are doing, and pray that you may see it grow in success and splendor.

\* \* \*

OUR readers will remember that we made in these columns a few months ago a modest appeal—not that all our appeals are not modest—for a small organ

Candidates for admission to our preparatory course at the  
**Blessed Vénard Apostolic School, Scranton, Pa.**  
should apply for information to

The Very Reverend Superior : : : Foreign Mission Seminary  
Maryknoll : : : : : Ossining P. O., N. Y.

Candidates must be at least fourteen years of age. The number will be limited this first year and application should be made without delay.

to be sent to a nun in the Philippines. The appeal was answered by a good friend in Boston, the organ was started on its journey overseas, and one day awaked to find itself installed in the parish church at *Lipa*. Sr. Mary of the Visitation writes of it:

The organ has come and we are delighted to have it. It is used not only for our convent singing, but for services in the church as well. It is surely an improvement on the violin which was hitherto the only musical instrument to accompany the abominable singing! We managed only by heroic efforts to stay in the church during the awful discords of those days.

I must add a few words about our second foundation in the Philippines. It is located in the same diocese as our first house, but on the other side of the Islands, on the borders of the Pacific.

The work promises to be successful. There are already fifty pupils in our school and we expect many more. It is wonderful to see how eager the children are to learn English. I only wish we

had more English-speaking Sisters to teach them!

I hope all is well at the Foreign Mission Seminary. How earnestly do I pray that God may bless this splendid work, which is all for His glory! Every time I see the little organ, I beg Him to aid you and send you many subjects. There is so much to be done here, but what can be accomplished without English-speaking priests?

The organ to which the good Sister refers is small—in size and in price. It can be folded up so that it is not much bigger than a suit-case and it costs only twenty-five dollars.

We thought you would like to know these facts, because we are now looking for just such an organ ourselves—for our new Apostolic School in Scranton. Do you suppose you could help us find one?



A MISSIONARY MARCH IN THE PHILIPPINES.

(This photograph comes from Tuguegarao and we are under the impression that we know the man in white at the left. His identity has not been revealed by the sender, Fr. Killion.)

## Notes and Comment.

THE Holy Father has recently granted special indulgences to sodalities established for the promotion of religious vocations. This is another manifestation of the zeal with which Pope Pius X. has ever sought to extend the kingdom of Christ upon earth.

\* \*

THE report of the Paris Society of Foreign Missions for 1912 gives the number of conversions from heresy as 461, adult baptisms 31,881, baptisms of dying pagan infants 133,122, baptisms of Christian infants 56,171.

The Catholic population of the 34 missions in charge of the Society is 1,548,576, an increase of 29,787 over the preceding year.

\* \*

WE have more than once remarked that we have only one FIELD AFAR agent. She is now well known in the city of Worcester and in the Providence diocese, where she has found a kindly welcome from priests, religious and laity.

We are under the impression that this persevering young woman sleeps with a bundle of THE FIELD AFAR under her pillow, but she has never admitted it. God bless her zeal! It is all for what she believes and knows to be the Sublime Cause.

\* \*

IT is usually in order to congratulate a bishop on his appointment to a new see, but we find it difficult in the case of Bishop Vigano, until recently Superior of the Milan Foreign Missions, Italy.

It was our pleasure and privilege to be the guest of this saintly prelate two years ago, and his simple, unaffected character made on us, as it does on all who know him, so deep and lasting an impression that we have always hoped some day to renew it under similar circumstances.

And now,—Bishop Vigano must give up his solicitude for

the missions and assume the office of Auxiliary Bishop of Tortona. Our best wishes and prayers are with him in this new field of labor.

\* \*

AT Grand Rapids, Michigan, we have such a friend as we would wish to have in every city and town of the Union.

This friend has already succeeded in kindling, from the fire of her own zeal, a world-wide spirit in other Michigan hearts, and now we notice that she has won to the Cause the editor of the *Sunday Visitor*, of Huntington, Indiana.

In a recent issue of this paper, which rejoices in a very large circulation through the Middle West, we found the following suggestive paragraph, and recognized it at once as the work of our friend:

## WOULDN'T IT BE A GOOD THING

To know all that the very best people have written about Missions and Missionaries?

To know all the methods that are being used to bring the Gospel to those who have never heard of Christ?

You can do it if you read one good book and a few magazine articles every month.

This month read: Father Lacombe, the Black-Robed Voyageur; The Field Afar, a monthly magazine.

Ask at the Public Library for these.

MAY G. QUIGLEY,

(Public Library)

Grand Rapids, Mich.

\* \*

HIS Eminence Cardinal Vanuelli, recently paid a visit to the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. He expressed great pleasure at the opportunity of seeing the famous Mission House and was especially impressed by the sight of the vestments, instruments of torture and other objects belonging to its martyrs who were beatified in 1900 and 1909. In his address to the students the Cardinal said in part:

Long ago I learned to know and love the Missions Etrangères. As a member of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda I have had occasion to study the difficult missions for which you are destined. And it is thus that I have come

## AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

Our new edition of AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY, the story of Fr. William Judge, S. J., in Alaska, has 300 pages, 20 illustrations, and a map of Alaska. It is printed in large, clear type on excellent paper, and is strongly bound in an attractive shade of linen stamped in white.

As the main purpose of all our publications is not direct revenue but the spread of a missionary spirit among American Catholics, we sell Fr. Judge's life at the lowest possible price, fifty cents, postage twelve cents extra.

You should not keep such a book out of your home.

Send sixty-two cents in stamps, then, and you will receive this splendid life, of which the *Baltimore Sun* has said:

As we read how this priest moved in the service of God and man, we know that the highest purpose of biographical literature has been attained. The book will be an inspiration to all who read it.

[An American Missionary has recently been translated into German. We will gladly procure a copy for any of our readers.]

to admire, first the divine grace which has inspired the institution of so useful a work, and then the zeal with which missionaries respond to this sublime vocation, following therein the glorious traditions of their ancestors.

To-day, as I am in your midst, my veneration for the Seminary increases. I see for myself the spirit of discipline, order and simplicity which prevails in your house. I recall, too, that this is more than a school where true doctrine is taught. It is a school of martyrdom, for the apostolate to which you are to devote yourselves has this prospect ever before it.

I congratulate you on the spirit of zeal, devotion and sacrifice which has enabled your Seminary to overcome all obstacles for the sake of fulfilling its sacred mission. You offer to the world an example of admirable charity, for you are ready to give your lives for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. You hold first place among the valiant apostles of that charity which we have been extolling in commemoration of Ozanam.

I shall tell the Holy Father of this pleasant visit and of the deep emotions that it has awakened in me. I am persuaded that Pope Pius X. will love you more and more. He will not fail to grant you his most abundant benedictions and it is in his name that I bless you.



### A Feast Day Gift.

By Mary J. Rogers, A.B.

IT was early spring in San Francisco, the Golden Gate of the West. The air was soft and balmy and delicately fragrant with the wealth of flowers bursting into bloom.

Agatha Lambert was 'coming out.' The process was a slow one, with its dances, receptions, dinners and teas, but altogether delightful to the motherless girl who, after ten years spent in the peaceful monotony of a convent school, had been taken under the protecting wing of her mother's girlhood friend, Mrs. Scott-Martin.

Mrs. Scott-Martin was not a Catholic, but she had promised the dying mother to care for her child, to give her a Catholic training and when the time should come, the right kind of start up the social ladder.

The fulfillment of the promise had proved most pleasant to Mrs. Scott-Martin. From a sweet child, Agatha had developed into a sweeter woman, bright, frank, sympathetic, with great, laughing, blue eyes that revealed the heart and soul of a child.

The round of festivities was nearing its close. On this perfect afternoon a 'tea' was in progress, and as the luxurious brougham rolled along, Mrs. Scott-Martin suddenly recalled an important meeting of the Missionary Board on which she served, and which she must attend. It would not delay them long.

They found some thirty women gathered, fine, earnest souls, who, Agatha soon learned, gave up a day each month to work for missions in foreign lands. The idea was all new to her. She

had of course prayed for the heathen, but she never knew or dreamed of personal service for such a cause. She was quite sure Catholics did nothing of the sort, at least in America, and her heart filled with a queer longing as she heard these women plan the collection of funds for foreign missions and discuss methods of arousing others to activity.

That night she wrote to the Sisters who had mothered her, asking all kinds of questions about mission work and opportunities of service. The answer was discouraging. Outside of prayers and almsgiving to home missions, and to the 'Holy Childhood' and the 'Propagation of the Faith', they knew of nothing she could do.

A year passed—one of those delightful, never-to-be-forgotten years when youth is care-free and the pleasures of life wholesome. But the seed sown in the young girl's heart had taken root and was beginning to bear fruit.

In the midst of her joys she thought much of that Mission Board meeting and tried to in-

terest her Catholic friends to do some real work for missions, but it was all in vain, for priests, nuns and laity had too much to do at home to be concerned with the heathen. "Feed my sheep," seemed to be a local command. Each shepherd had his own flock and would not see beyond the fold.

Yet the missions called insistently to Agatha Lambert, and grace to answer was not wanting. To the 'horror' and amazement of all, she quitted the life she had made so bright and had so loved, to join, in Europe, an order of foreign mission nuns, because in her native land none was to be found.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a time of famine in India. The land was parched and dry, and hunger, suffering, and fever desolated the district which a few months before had given promise of a luxurious harvest.

A little group of Sisters who had labored there for ten years in one of the poorest missions, was reduced to absolute want, the more



Mother Agatha looked beyond the hills toward the land of plenty she had left.

keenly felt because the sick and the little ones whom they had adopted were dying for lack of nourishment, and souls they might have saved with a few grains of rice were being turned away daily. Two of their own number had already died.

Agatha, Lambert was in this group of nuns. She had gone the whole way for souls.

It was her feast day and after Mass she had gone up to the clearing back of the convent to oversee the making of some adobe bricks, to be used, when times should be better, for a dry, clean



THE PALEMS OF INDIA.

chapel, a decent class-room and a sunny room for the sick. For ten years she had tried to secure this much-needed addition and to-day, although peace was deep in her heart, she felt the impossibility of it all. Her strength was almost gone, and her companions dying.

Would relief never come? For the moment her courage was low, her heart sick. But at the sight of a weary Sister coming towards her, Mother Agatha's face lighted with her ever-ready cheer, and she laughed outright when the Sister announced, "There's a present for you below. It came with

this note. Three guesses!" Her thoughts flew back to the childhood days when three guesses meant a real Paris doll, a jewelled ring or boxes of sweets. So she made all three and then 'gave up.'

The Sister handed her a crumpled note. She opened it and read:

"*Palem* remembers your feast day. She is very unhappy and no one loves her. She does not forget to pray. She gives you her only girl, her baby. Keep her forever. Make her one of Mary's children. Her name is *Palem*, too."

She read the note again and mused.

Her feast day! Famine, hunger everywhere! Such a gift! Another mouth to feed, and there was not enough to go round now!

Mother Agatha looked beyond the hills toward the land of plenty she had left, and then down into the valley where she could see the starving children lying listlessly about. What could she do!

She recalled *Palem*, a sweet orphaned child beloved of all, who had wished to stay with them always. But like most Hindu girls the little one had been betrothed in infancy and at fourteen had been claimed by the seventeen year old groom, who would not release her. That was five years ago. In the atmosphere of idolatry she had kept her faith sweet and her heart close to Mary! And now *Palem's* child was waiting in the valley below.

Quickly Mother Agatha went down the hill, giving a kindly word, a soothing pat to the suffering ones about her. Inside the house, on a table, lay her feast day gift—a little, brown bit of a thing, laughing and cooing as if all was well with the world. A ray of hope—

### A Word about Burses.

**A FOREIGN MISSION BURSE**—to share in such may be one of your privileges. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each of our Burses, or foundations, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations.

Every Burse represents \$5,000—which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this splendid purpose.

the promise of better things, the babe seemed, and for the moment hunger, toil and care were forgotten.

Mother Agatha took the child in her arms, carried it to the altar and presented it as Mary had Jesus, to God. He would provide.

That night the rains fell; a cry of relief went up through the land, sleep came, and God's peace held the little community in its loving embrace.

Mother Agatha smiled. She saw a vision of her own land in its luxury and comfort—a land where there is no dread of awful famine, no fear of pestilence. She saw the pitying smile her friends had given her as she left them so long ago. And she prayed from her grateful heart that God would reveal to them as He had to her His universal love for souls.

She took another peep at the babe (*Theodora*—gift of God—she would call her) and then, exhausted, fell asleep with the divine promise ringing in her ears: "In as much as ye do it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye do it unto me."

Maryknoll, 1913.

### Maryknoll Happenings.

ST. MICHAEL'S Cottage now houses the seminarians, besides supplying them with a large recreation-room and a carpenter's workshop. It also holds our stock for THE FIELD AFAR office and in still another section, quite shut off from the students, are the apartments of P. K. C., already mentioned in these columns, of Vincent, our 'ship carpenter,' and Paul Passabet, cook and supplementary gardener.



*In quest of the mid-day repast.*

These worthies sleep here, recreate on the porch, and dine in a kind of hold-all, being served from the Seminary kitchen a couple of hops, skips and jumps away. It is not to be understood, however, that the waiters have ever tested the exact number of these measurements. They are not so skilled as to try a hop, skip and jump with the tray they carry.

OUR six pioneer students returned from their month's vacation well and happy, and the lonely professors gave them a warm welcome. Their regular course of studies will not be resumed until after mid-September, but with clerical work, occasional study hours, manual labor, and long tramps, the intervening time will not hang heavy.

They found few changes on their return, but the corn was waving,

the apples were dropping, the hens were a few more, and a real cow with a real calf had been added to the stock.

The cow—we are almost ashamed now to apply so ordinary a name to her—has been called *Hibernia*, and her offspring, *Patricia*; because we received both through the generosity of an Ireland-born friend who is familiarly known as *Pat*.

*Hibernia* gives daily an abundance of milk over and above what she supplies in no mean measure to her daughter. Soon after she came, she broke down the bars between her pasture and the cow-lane, in her anxiety to respond to the call of this darling child.

Our bull has gone the way of many like him and is now in cold storage, if not resolved into a few thousand elements. We are glad to miss him and thankful that he missed many around here who might have come in contact with him. There were a few pretty close misses, we may add. On one occasion the trusty Pat K. C. had to impersonate a bull-fighter without the spangles; and soon after, George, our high-bred pacer, came very near meeting the end of a Spanish hack-horse. The sale of the bull left us a little richer than we were before.

Since the transfer of the Crib from Hawthorne, the Superior has spent most of his time at Maryknoll, but he is beginning to wonder if, occasionally, at least, the babe can't get along just as well, if not better, without him.

When he returned from his mid-summer trip, he found THE FIELD AFAR office transformed. He had left it with old wall-paper hanging limply from the walls and exposing the white plaster, with floors through whose cracks the sweepings would fall into the cellar, and with all kinds of home-made cases, unpainted, standing against the drooping wall-decorations.

When he came back, he saw it in quite perfect condition. He almost gasped at the thought of the first of the month, but the recovery was rapid, for he learned that an old friend, or better, a friend of old, had called in his absence, taken the bull by the horns—we speak figuratively—sent for tradesmen from Ossining—pronounced in this town *Ahsoning*—and accomplished in two days a result which otherwise might never have been obtained.

WE have a board-walk at Maryknoll. It is not quite so wide as the one at Atlantic City—so we are told by prosperous friends who have made the comparison—but it is wide enough for any sober man whose legs are fairly straight.

This walk connects the Lodge with our Seminary and makes a tortuous but beautiful path in



THE BOARD-WALK AT MARYKNOLL.

the shade of many cedars, past St. Michael's, to the front door of our main building.

Perhaps by the time these lines are under the eyes of our readers, carpenters will be at work on our chapel addition.

We gave out, to be figured, the plans for a complete annex to the Seminary that would secure for us altogether some fourteen extra rooms besides the chapel. But the cost positively annoyed us—we lose our temper occasionally—and even if we had the money to spare, we would not say *go ahead*.

So we are not going ahead for the present, except with the chapel, unless something unforeseen occurs. We believe that by next Spring we can get what we need at a more reasonable figure.

If you come up the Hudson, pay us a flying visit or, if you wish, fly us a paying visit. There are plenty of apples on the ground.

\* \*

### Wanted—Laborers in the Vineyard.

THERE is no more important question facing the Catholic young man or woman than the choice of a life-work.

We live to-day in the midst of tremendous opportunities. Lands and peoples practically unknown fifty years ago, are everyday facts for us. Our vision is wider than was that of our forefathers, but the world has grown smaller as modern means of transit have drawn the ends of the earth nearer to each other.

It is only reasonable that when a young man or a young woman looks out to-day from the school-hall platform, the question should arise—*Where shall I labor?* Shall it be beyond the limits of my native town or city? Shall it be in my own country hundreds of miles from home—or in some land beyond the seas?

There are hundreds of Americans living at this moment in such remote places as China, India, Indo-China, Japan, Korea, the Oceanic Islands, and along the coast or at the very heart of Africa. Most of these are the agents of great business enterprises. Some represent Protestant denominations at work among heathen people. A few, less than half a dozen, are native-born American Catholic missionaries.

The hour has struck and the Catholic youth of America are beginning to learn of the golden harvest awaiting the reapers of Christ in far-off lands.

But we are only at the beginning. Help us to make progress.

*We need a few zealous young priests.* We need youths, humble and willing, to prepare for the apostolate. We need young men, laics, to serve as auxiliaries here at Maryknoll, in many lines of work, or on the mission-field, as catechists, companions and helpers to our priests.

We need women who are willing to consecrate themselves, body and soul, to the service, either to make known the work throughout this country, or to go afar, as may be deemed most necessary.

\* \*

FOR lack of the right kind of camera—the operator is never at fault—we lost a fine opportunity to register for future generations the first visit to Maryknoll of His Eminence Cardinal Farley.

We are so convinced that photographs are needed for our historical records that we have been tempted to open our purse—when there was anything in it—and buy *'the right kind.'* But the cost frightened us and we decided to 'let George do it.' Is your name George?

We have received a camera especially adapted for travel. It is an excellent one and the gift of a priest. What we are aiming at in pressing this request is to have on hand also such an instrument as reporters on our daily papers use, —a *grafx*, if we mistake not. Are you an ex-reporter?

### Our New Preparatory School.

THE *Vénard Apostolic School* will have opened its doors by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers. The day set for this event, September the 8th, marks the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and we have asked Our Lady to watch over this school whose birthday is coincident with hers.

Patroness of our work at Maryknoll, she will be a Mother to the young aspirant-apostles at Scranton, who have not only started their own career in life, but are privileged to be the pioneers in a new work for God and souls. They are only a handful, but all are in earnest and we have reason to feel that they will prove, under God's grace, a chosen nucleus.

In our October issue we will describe the opening of the school.

\* \*

### Apostles' Aid.

ASSURANCES of Masses offered for our Society and its benefactors have been received from the following missionaries:

#### INDIA—

Fr. M. Aloysius, Magydaw; Fr. Jarvis, Madras; Fr. Constant, Lahore.

#### CHINA—

Bishop Bermyn, W. Mongolia.

\* \*

*Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thine inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.—Ps. II.*

\* \*

WE have had occasion more than once to speak of the generous coöperation which has been manifested at Rosary Hill Home, the cancer hospital at Hawthorne, founded and guided by Mother Alphonsa Lathrop. But nothing has touched the well-springs of our gratitude more than a little card, artistically framed and placed at the patients' entrance to the chapel. It bears an inscription asking all to give a Rosary every Friday to the Foreign Mission cause, remembering especially our students.



### The Gatherers and the Gatherings.

**S**ISTERS of Christian Charity in Scranton, Pa., recently collected from their pupils \$22.25 for our Seminary.

\* \* \*  
**A**MITE box yield of fifteen dollars is a large harvest, yet a business office in Providence has secured this return for us.

\* \* \*  
**M**OST encouraging of all help is that which finds expression in the following note from a Pennsylvania priest:

I shall do all I can to get some boys who have vocations for the foreign missions, and I shall be especially pleased if I find such in my parish.

\* \* \*  
**A**GOOD friend of ours whose spelling was overlooked too frequently when he was young, expresses the hope that Providence will send us what we 'kneed.' Does this mean dough, we wonder?

\* \* \*  
**T**O a zealous pastor in Manchester, N. H., we are indebted for a goodly contribution to the St. John Baptist Burse. The gift was made up partly from mite-offerings of the Sunday School children.

\* \* \*  
**A**MASSACHUSETTS priest who writes for twenty-five land-slips, adds:

The ten that I received went off like hot cakes. The recent issue of THE FIELD AFAR was the most interesting yet. Congratulations!

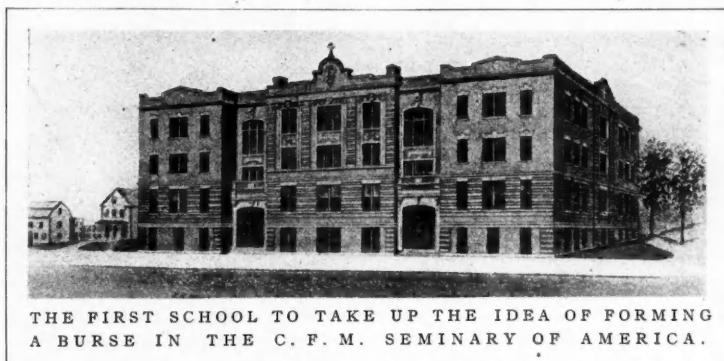
\* \* \*  
**D**IN DUN, our little messenger who follows Uncle Sam's agents around the country, is doing valiant work for us these days.

He has not turned up a single enemy and has been very kindly received.

\* \* \*

**FIFTY DOLLARS will secure a share in the Blessed Th. Vénard Burse; or a Life Associate Subscription; or a Memorial Associate Subscription.**

### The Cheverus Centennial School Burse.



THE FIRST SCHOOL TO TAKE UP THE IDEA OF FORMING A BURSE IN THE C. F. M. SEMINARY OF AMERICA.

**I**T looks as if we should have a burse honored by the name of Boston's first bishop,—the saintly Cheverus. Better still, the burse will be so identified with a large parish-school that we may confidently hope to have always at Maryknoll one of its alumni.

Here is the situation. The much-revered pastor of Malden, Mass., Rev. P. J. Hally, has been making special efforts to impress the missionary spirit upon the pupils of his school. He has perpetuated the name of Cheverus so as to recall constantly the debt which America owes to the early missionaries from France.

And now he has handed over to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society an endowment insurance policy for \$2000, which will mature in a few years, and a second insurance policy of \$1000. He has also expressed his hope of supplementing these generous sums in order to secure a burse (\$5000), the interest of which shall be applied to the education of one missionary-aspirant, preferably an alumnus of the Cheverus Centennial School.

From the graduating Grammar Class of 1913 we received in June the first contribution of the pupils—\$42.50. Later on, the Class of 1912—the first graduating class—will send its gift, and succeeding classes will follow its example. Fr. Hally hopes thus to spread the missionary spirit

among his boys and girls and to secure for Maryknoll not merely their dollars and their prayers, but representatives from their own number.

If the plans are successful, this school will be the first to be enrolled in our list of Founders,—a list that will one day appear in bronze letters on the chapel wall of the American Foreign Mission Seminary and will be a reminder of the prayerful remembrance ever due to our benefactors.

\* \* \*

**P**LUMBERS are a generous and open class as a rule. We find that they are not afraid to use long bill-heads, and with no attempt at concealment, they itemize everything from a nail to the hours of a helper.

We have a request to make of some more or less distant plumber.

Our students are learning the trade so as to be able to stop up rat-holes in the Far East—if such be our field—and we would welcome a kit, including such articles as vises, pipe-cutters, wrenches, pliers, hack saws and blades, oil squirt-cans, a gasoline torch, a gas furnace and a solder-pot. We would leave the store and gas fixtures to our benefactor—and thank him always.

Do we need some carpenters' tools also? We certainly do, but we don't expect them from the plumber.

WE have been sending out bills lately. We don't enjoy the process particularly but—there are compensations. Here is one, a letter which voices the friendly spirit that repays us for our work, and this spirit, we may add, is characteristic of most of the responses that our 'gentle reminders' have brought forth:

Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my Associate Subscription, which expired in March, and twenty-five cents to pay for your trouble in having to write for it.

\* \*

THE Middle West has not yet discerned on its horizon much of THE FIELD AFAR, but California is making up for it. In a recent issue we recorded the fact that a priest from that State had arranged to provide us with a burse (\$5,000) after his death. And now a second, similar assurance has been given us, accompanied by the actual transfer of eight hundred dollars' worth of certificates.

Better still, one of these priests is encouraging a vocation that bids fair to materialize.

\* \*

THE first help offered to sustain a student at our Apostolic School in Scranton, Pa., comes unexpectedly from a pastor in Boston, who writes:

Let me help one of those boys at Scranton. This check for fifty dollars is for the first quarter of the school year. At the end of the quarter send me word and I will forward another fifty. Tell the boys to pray for me.

Precious is the aid that comes from the encouragement of our fellow-priests. They are a mighty force as instruments of God's bounteous plans.

\* \*

THE diocese of Antigonish, N. S., has long held the first place in Canada for contributions to the Propagation of the Faith (Lyons Society).

We are not surprised to note on our FIELD AFAR lists a growing number of subscribers from that



OUR LATEST IN COLLECTION BOXES.  
(The ear rings as the penny drops.)

splendidly Catholic section, and we appreciate the kind words which a priest of the diocese has recently sent us:

I am enclosing the names and addresses of several prominent Catholics in the parish, to whom you may send sample copies of your paper. To my mind there is no better way of spreading the apostolic spirit among our people than the monthly reading of THE FIELD AFAR. In the beginning of the school year I hope to get the children and our college boys interested in your grand work. Meantime please send me a few land-slips.

\* \*

#### Money and the Mail.

There is no need of going to the expense of registering a letter for a solitary subscription. If you do not wish to run the chance of sending a dollar-bill or a dollar's worth of stamps by the ordinary mail, ask at the post-office for a money order. This, made out for one dollar, will cost only three cents. It will not inconvenience us. On the contrary, it will keep us from regretting that we should have occasioned unnecessary expense to a good friend.

\* \*

If you send us names of friends, we will forward to them sample copies of The Field Afar, until our issue is exhausted.

THESE articles were received since our August issue:

From

Sisters of the Holy Cross, Rochester, N. H.: White Vestments.

Rev. Friend, Weymouth, Mass.: Camera.

Rev. Friend, Lowell, Mass.: Books.

Rev. Friend, Grand Junction, Ia.: Book.

Friend, N. Y. City: Screening, hammers and tacks.

Friend, Stoughton, Mass.: Watch. Through Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, O.: Alb, Surplice, Stoles, Burse, Palls, Altar Cloth, Altar Lace, Altar Linens, Ciborium Covers. (Prepared and donated by the Tabernacle Society.)

\* \*

Notice our special rates for several subscriptions to the same address. See page 4.

\* \*

#### Burse Activity.

(A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.)

#### COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.

#### PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Providence Diocese Burse	\$3,000.00
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	2,200.00
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,205.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse	337.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	150.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse	450.50
Towards St. Boniface Burse	100.00
Towards Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	580.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	336.44
Towards All Souls Burse	784.41
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	175.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	105.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	51.74
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	480.40
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	50.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	16.00
Towards All Saints Burse	33.50
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse	25.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

## Departed Benefactors.

YOUR prayers, please, for the souls of:

Rev. M. Walsh	Mr. & Mrs. D'Arcy
William Ward	John McCarthy
William Lewis	Daniel Flavin
Mary McQuirk	Bernard Waters
Bernard McQuirk	Mary Waters
John Campbell	John Waters
Mrs. Kelly	Bart. Waters
Mr. & Mrs. Hoben	John Dixon
Patrick Hoben, Jr.	William Dixon
Mary Hoben	Mary Daly
Margaret Hoben	Mrs. Kelly
Bridget Hoben	Mrs. M. Donahoe
Mary Brosnan	Agnes Matejewicz
Robert Campbell	Mary Minaghan
John Campbell	Mr. & Mrs. Murphy
Margaret Murphy	Mr. & Mrs. Madden
Edward Murphy	Thomas Tighe
Ann Winters	Miss Meaney

All deceased benefactors

## ✦ ✦ Recent Offerings.

### Less than Two Dollars.

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